

Tilapada

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[I asked for memories of her mother.] It was during the hungry^{159x} season and mother went out to dig tubers. I cried to be taken along. Mother said, "This is the hungry time and you will get hungry running around, but come if you want." So we went, and all the good tubers mother dug she put in my basket. When we got home we cooked them, and the good tubers mother put back in my basket. The rest were divided among my siblings. The next day when mother and I went to work in the fields, we took those good tubers along.

Once mother took me to see her brother [classificatory]. He gave us a big pig, which father took home for a death feast. [Tilapada here gave an account of financial transactions.] Another time we went to see him and he gave mother a big bundle of corn and filled my carrying basket with shelled corn.

Once mother set out to get wood. I cried to go along and mother hit me. Father was angry and said, "Why do you hit this child? She is a^[313] ● woman and must go fetch firewood too." [She then gave me another account of crying to accompany her mother when she was going off to wood.]

[Did she remember the birth of her siblings?] I remember that mother sat in the privy and that I was in the living room. [How did she feel?] When the child came down, the midwife cut its cord and curled it on the belly. I was sent to get leaves to clean up the child's excreta. I brought them back in a small basket, and mother cleaned the baby when it defecated. [Question.] This was the birth of Maliema. I don't remember the birth of Kafelkai. When Maliema was born, I was about seven years old. When Kafelkai was born, I was about two or three years old. I didn't see that birth. [Attempts to get her emotional reactions failed.]

When I was small, I only fetched wood and played. Mother was angry with me and hit me because I didn't do garden work. Fapteni [a cousin who lived with them] stood up for me and quarreled with my mother about it. Then I went to help wood in the fields. Mother hit my hands and I cried, saying, "Oh, mother, you hit my hands, and an evil spirit may take me off. It will be good if I die. It will be better if I am finished." Mother was angry and said I must not talk like that. She twisted my mouth for speaking thus. Then mother spoke nicely to me and we went off and dug tubers for me. She cooked them for me and gave them to me to eat.

Mother went to cut green bananas and put them in a hole to ripen.^[352] We went back after a time and two bananas were ripe. Mother gave